

And now and then a fragrant cloud
Takes gracious shape, at my desire,
And at my side my lady stands,
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands—
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

O love! if you were only here
Beside me in this mellow light,
Though all the bitter winds should blow
And all the ways be choked with snow,
'Twould be a true Arabian night!

Her determination was to prevent the possibility of Neda quitting the house, and then to disguise herself in the dress of a serving damsel, and to personate the perfidious attendant at the rendezvous at the sycamore grove, which she had arranged by her. These meditations were interrupted by a message from the prince, apprising her that he should be absent from home the remainder of the day, and should probably not return until late that night; and this message, all the additional proof of the calculating treachery which her faithless

The prince and his attendants quickly followed her, some of them bearing lighted torches, but such was the speed which the frenzied state of her feelings lent to her movements that they only overtook her at the moment of her reaching the fountain. There she suddenly stopped, as though rooted to the spot, and, shuddering, pointed to the ground. The prince advanced hastily to her side. His attendants followed, and, raising their torches, discovered at the margin of the fountain the body of a man extended on his back and weltering in blood. The ghastly face was turned upward, and as the glare of the torches fell upon it an exclamation of horror fell from the lips of all present, and Thyra, leaning forward, recognized her victim with a thrill of agony which caused all the blood to chill in her veins and her pulse to stand still.

At that one glance the whole truth flashed upon her with terrible clearness, until she comprehended, when too late, the fatal error into which her blind and mistaken suspicions had plunged her. There lay her son, her only child, her

He Won.

A Paris paper contributes a story of an Englishman, now residing in Paris, in the enjoyment of a large fortune, for which he was indebted to his prowess as a member of the Oxford crew some years since. During the race his boat was apparently losing, when his uncle, shouting from the bank, promised him the hand of his daughter should Oxford win. Stimulated by the promise, Mr. Oxon induced his comrades to further and successful efforts, and he was rewarded not only by the hand of his cousin, but also by the inheritance of his uncle's fortune, which had been largely increased by the bets upon the race.

WILMING BOY.—A Detroit *Free Press* newboy about ten years old ran after a pedestrian and urged him vehemently to purchase a paper. The man made no answer until the boy had followed him a whole block, and then he halted and said: "Boy, if you don't stop annoying me I'll call a policeman." "Don't go to any trouble," replied the lad. "Buy a paper of me and I'll call a policeman for you."

The Western Wheat Crop.

The winter wheat in the West has been smothered. The sudden thaw and rain on the latter part of February, followed immediately by heavy sleet and intense cold, a report from Chicago says, have been mainly instrumental in killing, or "smothering" winter wheat, the greatest quantity of winter wheat planted all over this Western country. In some parts of the country the farmers are plowing up their fields sowed with wheat last fall. This is in the uplands. In the lowlands, where there is some moisture, there is hope of a partial crop, but not one-third of a crop exists in the entire Northwest. One broker, who has traveled extensively through Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, says he could not eat all the wheat which will be grown in those States.

The Parisians devour 100,000,000 apples ever winter. An eminent French physician thinks that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris is owing to the increased consumption of this fruit, which, he maintains, is a valuable prophylactic and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily digested article of food.

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9,999 ".....".....101 "

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All Sinners.

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said: "There is one among my audience
of so scandalous a behavior that I have
resolved—but no, I will give no names,
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charity. But I will just throw my bonnet
at her, that you may know who she is."
The good curate then took off his
bonnet and made as if he was about to
throw it, shouting, "That is the vile
woman!" All the women present held
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"Dios misericordia!" exclaimed the cure;
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